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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
  Of dead endurance, from the slippery, steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings.
Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
  Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength.

. . . . .

These are the spells by which to re-assume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
  To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
  Neither to change, nor faulter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

—*Shelley.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXIV THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1919 Number 7

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH.

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

—*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

The judgment of Secretary of State Lansing on the Peace Treaty and League Covenant, as reported to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee by William C. Bullitt, is an exact confirmation of all that we have said about these precious documents. "The great powers," said Mr. Lansing, "have simply gone ahead and arranged the world to suit themselves. England and France particularly have gotten out of the Treaty everything that they wanted, and the League of Nations can do nothing to alter any of the unjust clauses of the Treaty except by unanimous consent of the members of the League, and the great powers will never give their consent to changes in the interests of weaker peoples." In other words, the Peace Treaty is a document dictated by the spirit not of reconciliation and freedom but of ruthless conquest; and the League Covenant is a pact aimed to secure not the peace of the world but the military and economic predominance of the five great powers, especially France in Europe and England on the seas. Incidentally, this statement is a smashing answer to those persons now contending that the Treaty should be ratified, and its unjust features left to be corrected by amendment through the League. It is difficult to believe that men who argue in this fashion can be honest, for if anything is certain it is that amendment of the Treaty for the correction of injustice is impossible. Every evil in the Treaty was dictated by the selfish interest of some one of the great powers. What chance is there of the particular power served by a particular evil—Japan by the Shantung award, let us say—voting to correct that evil? And yet without that vote no change can be effected, for amendment must be by "unanimous consent"! For such purposes, as Secretary Lansing stated to Mr. Bullitt, "the League of Nations at present is entirely useless." What we have in the Covenant, as we have pointed out before, is an elaborate device for the preservation of the *status quo* established by the Treaty. From such an iniquitous combination mankind must be delivered, sooner or later. And there are some of us who believe that this deliverance can be more easily and safely accomplished now by debate and ballot, than a generation hence by another world-wide upheaval.

If ever there was a situation which called for the sympathetic intervention of all right-minded men and women, it is that now prevailing in the steel industry in this country. We may or may not believe in strikes as a method of redressing the grievances of labor; we may or may not sustain the justice of the aims set forth by the steel workers in this particular strike; but we must all agree on the right of the workers to organize, to present their claims, to be heard by impartial arbiters; in other words to have a voice in the determination of the conditions of their labor. It is on the basis of the most orthodox and generally accepted principles of trade unionism that the steel workers have organized; it is with the most conservative group of organized labor in America, the A. F. of L., that they have affiliated; it is in accordance with the fundamental usages of orderly democratic procedure in this country that they have conducted their campaign. But like the Belgians in 1914, they have been met by the tyranny of a benighted and cruel "Kaiser," Judge Gary, who recognizes no human rights but those of his own autocratic will, and knows no power but that of his mailed fist—and the greatest industrial war in many years is the result! Anything more outrageous than Judge Gary's attitude is impossible to conceive. He talks of "the open shop"—and closes every steel mill tight against every man carrying a union card. He prates of American liberties—and like a Tsar sets loose his cossacks on all citizens within his factory realms who attempt to exercise ordinary constitutional privileges of free speech and free assembly. He raises the cry of anarchy and revolution—and is himself the su-

preme offender against the established laws, institutions and habits of the nation. Judge Gary has but one purpose, and that is to smash unionism in the steel industry. He seeks to remove the workers from his path, as Austria sought to remove Serbia, and the Kaiser Belgium and France, in 1914. And like these tyrants, he stands ready to use any weapon, to defy any law and custom, to outrage the whole public sentiment of the times, to accomplish his nefarious purposes. Judge Gary, in thought and action, is typically "Prussian"; he represents in industry today all that must be removed and gotten rid of, if our democratic civilization is to survive. Hence the challenge to all liberals to rally to the cause of the steel workers.

Disappointing was the action of the National Industrial Conference of the Inter-Church World Movement, in New York, on October 3rd, in meeting the issue of the steel strike by a mere order for investigation. This important movement, it should be noted, came into being last December, through the action of the Executive Committee of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Presbyterian Church, in calling a meeting of 135 representatives of home and foreign missions. There the idea of permanent church co-operation, on the lines laid down by war experience, was first mooted, and a committee appointed to outline a tentative program. This resulted in a conference held at Cleveland last April 30th-May 1st, which was attended by 490 persons, representing 28 different evangelical denominations. The movement thus effected is now endorsed by boards and agencies in control of 75 denominational organizations. The purpose of the movement is not organic church union, but practical co-operation in doing together certain work which each group has hitherto done separately. It is undoubtedly the most important forward step in Protestantism since the organization of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America some fifteen years ago. But if it is to succeed, in days like these, it must seek courage as well as efficiency, and serve human as well as ecclesiastical interests. So far as can be judged by newspaper reports, the action of the Industrial Conference was a timid evasion of the tremendous issue presented by the steel strike. A great opportunity to prove sincerity and determination was missed.

For many weeks during the summer, the Meadville Theological School published in a considerable number of high-class weekly journals the following advertisement:

FIFTY VOLUNTEERS WANTED

To Enlist as Candidates for the Christian Ministry in a campaign for a reconstructed church and nation in the spirit which won the victory at Chateau Thierry and St. Mihiel. Such volunteers are needed at once in Unitarian pulpits and may be trained for service at the

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL
Meadville, Pa.
Autumn quarter, etc., etc.

This advertisement would seem to be a commendable piece of religious enterprise. It is couched in the familiar militaristic language of the times, and strikes boldly the note of courage and vision. But, alas! it seems to have been seed fallen upon stony places, for word comes to us direct from Meadville (under date of October 1st) that "we have an unusually small number of students this year. We have only ten (eleven in another report) students in all. But we still hope that a few more will be here soon. I understand that the situation is not different from that of other theological schools at the present time." Various inferences may be drawn from this pathetic situation. Thus it is at least possible that young men of today are not interested "in a campaign for a reconstructed church and nation." It is more probable that these young men are very much interested indeed, but do not believe that the church is either able or willing to undertake such a campaign seriously. Or it may be that there is something wrong with "Unitarian pulpits." At any rate, whatever the cause, the volunteers for service have not appeared. Young men, whether veterans of the war or not, have no use for the church as she exists today. Nor is underpay, as is alleged, the reason for their indifference! These young men will make any sacrifice, financial or other, for anything they regard as worth-while. But they frankly are convinced that the church is *not* worth while. And our church leaders know no way of meeting the situation but that of raising enormous sums of money which will enable them to rattle the dry bones a little louder and longer! The judgment of the age, as reflected in the spectacle of ten or twelve students in an effectively advertised school like Meadville is nothing short of terrific.

The opening of the New York theatrical season is again occasion for mournful reflection on the condition of the American stage. The actors' strike was an encouraging sign of revolt from managerial tyranny and stupidity; but with the winning of the strike, old relationships were quickly resumed, and the usual stage offerings presented. Again the bedroom farce is with us, but not as yet in such pestilential numbers as last spring. What is gained here, however, is straightway lost by a revival of the sex drama in its crudest and therefore most offensive form. Even more noticeable is a succession of plays, clean enough in spirit, but so utterly devoid of any intellectual char-

acter or serious moral interest, as to suggest that managers are convinced that Broadway audiences have neither brains nor souls. And the big success of these plays seems to suggest that managers are right! In the mingled desert and miasmic swamp of current attractions there can be named as encouraging aspects of the season only a delightful American comedy ("Clarence") by Booth Tarkington, the Sothern-Marlowe revival of Shakespeare, the triumphant close of Ervine's "John Ferguson" produced by the Theatre Guild, and the forthcoming production by this same group of enlightened artists of John Masefield's "The Faithful." To these must be added the presence of the English poet and dramatist, John Drinkwater, for important work.

It is a relief to hear the announcement of Houghton Mifflin Company that war-time economy in the manufacture of their books is henceforth to be abandoned and pre-war standards of publication at once resumed. This marks, we trust, the disappearance of the cheap paper, bad type, narrow margins, etc., which have made the hearts of all book lovers to ache during the last two or more years. May we not also hope that it means a restoration of that accuracy and diligent care in the details of book making which was once characteristic of our best publishers, but is now, alas, so conspicuous by reason of its absence? Ervine's "Changing Winds" (Macmillan) has no table of contents to indicate the important fact that it is written in three parts. In the text of Nicolai's "The Biology of War" (Century) are frequent references to a "Part III," which never puts in an appearance. On page 287 of William De Morgan's new novel "The Old Madhouse" (Holt) the reader is startled to encounter a "Part II," inasmuch as he has never seen a "Part I." Such details of workmanship are, of course, not vital; but they are symptoms of a growing carelessness or indifference in the great art of book making, which is disturbing. To the true lover of books, each volume is a friend. Imperfections in such a friend can only bring disturbance and affliction.

A Centennial Year

1919.

Not since the year 1909 has any single year brought us such a succession of centenary anniversaries as the one which is now passing. The wonderful year 1909, of course, made a record which will not soon, if ever, be eclipsed; for in 1809 were born Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edgar Allen Poe, Lord Alfred Tennyson, William Ewart Gladstone, and, on that one most portentous day of all the century, February 12th, the two greatest men of modern times, Abraham Lincoln and Charles Darwin. In this present year, 1919, clusters no such amazing galaxy of names; and yet the anniversaries are exceptionally numerous, and many of them important. Especially from the literary point of view in this a remarkable centennial year, for all the one hundredth birthdays seem to be those of literary men. Thus in 1819 were born John Ruskin, George Eliot, Charles Kingsley, James Russell Lowell, Walt Whitman, and—less notable figures!—Arthur Hugh Clough, Julia Ward Howe, and J. G. Holland.

John Ruskin (b. February 8) unquestionably stands first upon this list. As an author his style has a beauty, power and variety unmatched by any other writer of the nineteenth century, with the possible exception of John Henry Newman. As a thinker, he stirred deeper depths and flung farther influences of storm and change, than any other man of his time, save Charles Darwin and Leo Tolstoi. As a personality he stood out at the start a youth of entrancing beauty and contagious spirit, at the close a figure of august and tragic dignity, and always a giant whose head, like a lofty mountain peak, was aglow with sunshine or blasted by the lightning. As to his opinions and theories, there is not, and cannot be, agreement. He was subject at times to strange aberrations, as witness his attitude in his art studies, toward Whistler. He was frequently involved in inconsistencies and contradictions, as witness, in his sociological writings, his curious interpretations of war. It is probable, as A. C. Benson states in his "Ruskin: A Study in Personality," that Ruskin "attained his position in the literary world, and in the view of many worthy persons, maintains it now, by work that was not only inferior, but was pervaded by gross faults of dogmatism, erring knowledge, and baseless judgments. His best work is still to a great extent unappreciated and unpraised, his genius largely suspected." But as a writer, there are few, as Mr. Benson says again, "of whom the word *great* can be used so incontestably"; and as a moral force he looms up ever grander and more sublime as one of the glories of his age. There are few events in literary history to match Ruskin's deliberate turning away from the things of art and beauty which he loved, to take up the ugly fight for the economic emancipation of his fellowmen, just as there are few literary transformations to equal the change from "Modern Painters" to "Fors Clavigera." John Ruskin was one of the supreme men. His works, with a few exceptions, have passed into "the region of deferential acceptance, in which they are more respected than examined, and more reverenced than read"; but his spirit is as living a thing today as ever.

George Eliot (b. November 22) is sometimes described as the greatest woman who ever lived. As a writer there is probably no woman to compare with her, save George Sand; as a thinker, no woman save Madame de Stael. But in her was a combination of emotional and intellectual elements not to be found in either of the great French women. It is this combination which represents the essence of George Eliot's extraordinary genius; the fiction form was her inevitable medium of expression, for it was in this alone that both the emotional and intellectual factors of her life could find full play. It is in terms of intellect that we think first, and sometimes last, of George Eliot, for her novels are masterpieces of mental power, and she was herself a dominant figure in that remarkable intellectual circle which held sway in England from 1860 to 1880. But her few endeavors to express herself directly in philosophic thought, as in "Theophrastus Such," are rightly accounted failures. Emotion is not so easily associated with George Eliot—hers seems a cold, impassive figure, easily matched with that of her unsentimental friend, Herbert Spencer. Yet feeling was profound within her, as witness her relations with Mr. Lewes and Mr. Cross, and the wells of pity in "Silas Marner," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Romola"! But when she attempted, in turn, to give this side of her nature unique expression, as in her poetry, she failed again. George Eliot, who seemed equipped to be the Milton of her time, was at the best a second-rate poet.

It is not either intellect or feeling, mind or heart, alone, but that combination of the two which has created the wealth of great fiction in modern times—made the novel to be an art-form comparable with the epic and the drama—in which George Eliot was supreme. Her early books, in which the balance between the two is almost perfectly poised, are immortal works of geinus. Lacking certain transcendent qualities present in the masterpiece of Sir Walter Scott, and certain human elements characteristic of Fielding, Dickens and Thackeray, her greatest novels are still unmatched for concentrated power and pity. It is perhaps not too much to say that George Eliot disputes with Milton the high honor of ranking third, after Shakespeare and Scott, in the hierarchy of English literary genius.

Charles Kingsley (b. June 12) is to my mind a greater writer than he has ever yet been given credit for, by any competent critic whom I chance to know. His "Westward Ho!" is the greatest historical romance in the English language, with the exception of "The Cloister and the Hearth," a half dozen of the Waverly novels, and possibly "Henry Esmond." "Hypatia" is a story of sublime beauty, and impressiveness. "Yeast" and "Alton Locke" are unrivalled "tracts of the times" in fiction form. Kingsley's lyrics, notably "The Three Fishers" and "The Sands o' Dee," are among the most beautiful, as they are among the best known, in our literature. His "Water Babies" is a charming fantasy of childhood. And all these writings, so abundant and various, are the incidental product of one who was primarily a busy and very faithful parish minister! Charles Kingsley was a great writer—his fame is growing, as that of many another man is waning, with passing time.

But if we admire the writer, must we not admire still more the man, for when was there a more doughty champion of human rights and a truer lover of his kind! Kingsley saw and denounced the economic ills of English life, when other men were blind. He was a socialist when socialism was a new and monstrous heresy. He gave his sympathy and support to movements of rebellion exactly comparable in his day to the I. W. W. in ours. By voice and pen, in season and out of season, he pleaded unsparingly the cause of the poor, and lifted himself thereby, all unconsciously, into the front rank of Christain saints. "Parson Lot" is indeed a sacred name in the annals of social emancipation!

In character, Kingsley was tender, gentle, loving, with a fiery temper under stern control, and emotions of profound depth and power. It is fortunate that the story of his life is preserved in the charming and very touching biography written by his widow.

Of *James Russell Lowell* (b. February 22) and *Walt Whitman* (b. May 30) we have already spoken in these columns. It is stimulating to think of these two men as born in the same year—the one, urbane citizen and courtly ambassador, erudite scholar, cultured essayist and poet; the other, rude companion of artisans, ferry hands and stage drivers, uncouth and eloquent prophet of the people, chanter of the "barbaric yawp" of pioneer democracy! These two men are poles asunder, but they typify America's two characteristic contributions to modern life—the fine culture of New England and the rough-hewn genius of the multitudes. The one man is a cultivated, and the other a wild, flower; and both are beautiful.

Arthur Hugh Clough (b. January 1), a true poet, intimate friend of Tennyson and Carlyle, of the Arnolds (father and son), of Froude and Bagehot, of Emerson and Norton, of Lowell and Longfellow, loved and acclaimed on both sides of the Atlantic, was still, as Bagehot has said, "without much fame," and remains in that unhappy—or happy!—plight today. In this country, which he visited in 1852-3, at the earnest solicitation of Emerson, he is perhaps better known through the two memorial poems of Matthew Arnold, "The Scholar-Gypsy" and "Thyrsis," than by anything he wrote himself. Yet the volume of his poetry is large, and much of it has that authentic touch which one who knows his English

verse can never miss when truly present. The truth is, however, that Clough was "greater in his life than in his work." Guileless, sincere, unworldly and unselfish, peculiarly sweet-tempered, impervious to shame and pretences, loyal to the honest mind and the pure heart, he easily captured the friendship of the great and good among his contemporaries; and because they saw in his writings the clear reflection of the man they loved and trusted, they ranked him higher than the general public has ever learned to understand. Never was there an author whose work was more intimately attached to his own inmost soul. And because this soul was known only to the chosen few, so the work was also known. And yet there are some songs which have found their way into every heart. "Say Not The Struggle Nought Availed" is unforgettable. And what six lines are surer of immortality than these:

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so
That howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

Julia Ward Howe (b. May 27) is probably doomed forever to be remembered as the author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." I say "doomed," not because this association is an unworthy one. The "Battle Hymn" was written at a great moment in human destiny, it comes as near to representing direct and valid inspiration as anything in American literature, and it is great poetry. To win fame by such an achievement is happy fortune! But Julia Ward Howe was greater than her "Battle Hymn," as Clough was greater than his writings. But whereas Clough's modesty, wistful conscientiousness, utter absence of pose or pride, tended to hide his work, Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn," on the contrary, has almost completely concealed her personality and life. For Mrs. Howe, as has been abundantly disclosed in her biography written by her daughters, was primarily a great woman. Essentially feminine, dowered with every womanly grace of body and spirit, she was at the same time intellectually strong, a born leader of great causes. Her secret was the power of personality. Her finest quality was the divine union within her of open-mindedness and ardent sympathy. Daughter of refinement and unspoiled culture, wife on equal footing of comradeship to one of the great men of her generation, mother of beautiful and brilliant children, leader in works of great reform, champion and trusted counsellor of all good causes, poet, friend—where can be found happier or more beneficent lot than hers! She inherited much capital but added to it more. "Let her own works praise in the gates"!

J. G. Holland (b. July 24) is a humble member of this distinguished company. He was not a great writer; but his books were widely popular for sound and wholesome reasons. Charm and tenderness, sentiment as differentiated from sentimentality, a certain "grace of a day that is dead," pervade as a healthy atmosphere such books as "Bitter-Sweet" and "Sevenoaks." These meant much to our parents, and may well be remembered, and perhaps read by ourselves.

"We do not know what happened in the Zodiac," says Thomas R. Slicer in his "From Poet to Premier," speaking of the year 1809, "but the signs point to great fecundity of genius." Much the same may be said of the year 1819, which witnessed such conjunction in birth of so many famous writers. This was a great twelve-month for literature; and we may do well, at this first century mark, to ponder the names and works of those who at that time first saw the light.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Bitterly

I feel that every change upon this earth
Is bought with sacrifice. My yearnings fail
To reach that high apocalyptic mount
Which shows in bird's-eye view a perfect world,
Or enter warmly into other joys
Than those of faulty, struggling human kind.

. . . . . .

Not that I doubt the world is growing still
As once it grew from Chaos and from Night;
Or have a soul too shrunken for the hope
Which dawned in human breasts, a double morn,
With earliest watchings of the rising light
Chasing the darkness; and through many an age
Has raised the vision of a future time
That stands an angel with a face all mild
Spearing the demon. I too rest in faith
That man's perfection is the crowning flower,
Toward which the urgent sap in life's great tree
Is pressing—seen in puny blossoms now,
But in the world's great morrows to expand
With broadest petal and with deepest glow.

From "A Minor Prophet." —*George Eliot.*

They mistake who suppose that the highest happiness lies in wishes accomplished—in prosperity, wealth, favor, and success. There has been a joy in dungeons and on racks passing the joy of harvest. A joy strange and solemn, mysterious even to its possessor. A white stone dropped from that signet ring, peace, which a dying Savior took from his own bosom, and bequeathed to those who endure the cross, despising the shame.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth—they, and they only.—*Ruskin.*

THE PULPIT

The Voice of Our Vision

Notes of first sermon preached by Rev. John Morris Evans as minister of All Souls Church, Lincoln Centre, Chicago, October 5, 1919.

TEXT: *Where there is no vision the people cast off restraint.* *Prov. xxix*:18.

The outstanding task of today is not to show people how and where they can with safety borrow a religion but how they can produce one. We still have to emphasize that self direction is a greater virtue than obedience. That is why a church cannot be much longer a house of reminiscences like a chilly art gallery; it must become a prophet of new insights and new outlooks. For we do not merely need additions to old ideas but a new direction for endeavor. So religion must become creative in its function rather than merely respectable in its status. There is no greater anomaly than a church or a political party trying to maintain a fixed status in a live, moving and growing world. The ship which carries our values of faith, love and loyalty must not be piloted by antiquarians but by prophets, men of hope and forward reaching minds. It is just this struggle between antiquarians and prophets which we are witnessing today in education, in politics and in industry. The one wants to keep things fixed, the other wants to keep things moving.

The supreme need in this strife, cruelty and chaos is vision. There must be a willingness to see life whole if insight is to extract the salient in the rush of things and to provide muscular adventure. For vision refers to the perception of the ideal as distinguished from the actual, the spiritual as distinguished from the material, things as they ought to be as distinguished from things as they are, the qualitative from the quantitative, the world of values from the world of forms. Such a vision has characteristic marks which grade and label its thoroughbredness.

The first characteristic is an elevated way of looking at and thinking about life. There is nothing more disastrous to the human soul, to happiness and to health than a low way of looking at and thinking about life. It makes us bitter and thereby unjust. But if we see life whole, if we have a high way of thinking about life, if we are right on this ultimate question, we are right everywhere. But if we are wrong here we are wrong everywhere.

There are two ways of living, two ways of viewing life. There is the low cynical, jeering way and there is the big way. There are therefore two ways of playing the game. There is the big, brave way, and there is the small, wrinkled and bigoted way.

The unique thing about Jesus was his view of life, of man, of nature, and of God. To him life was vibrant and nature and human nature conspired to produce the sunset and the symphony. He was unafraid. He is the great example of real self-reliance, and if there is one thing on earth that every one does feel is heroic it is self-reliance. Everyone is thrilled to discover at the core of a human being the clear integrity which means that in any extremity a man can and will answer for himself. Such self-reliance is born of an elevated way of looking at life. Do men note our large, brave, elevated way of thinking about life? Is there something about us which suggests that we are born of the will of God? Do our loyalties, our courtesies, our leisure activities indicate a robust kinship with the Eternal?

There can be no high view of life where there is a cold flippancy at the core. At the very center of life there must be a little chapel, serene and untroubled, where values prevail uncompromised, a place where the weights and measures are uncorrupted.

And from this little holy of holies called reverence there will issue a radiant freedom. Too frequently we associate freedom with loneliness. Real freedom has kinship like all out-of-doors and is as unbiased as the air and as sociable as the sunshine. Life is thus delivered from sunless dejection, from the tyranny of self and from the enslaving fear of the crowd.

Our vision must bring us to an elevated way of looking at life, a way which issues in self-reliance, reverence and freedom.

Another characteristic mark of vision is that it lifts up the commonplace with meaning and thus adds to our power of endurance. When we lift our eyes to the hills we not only rest them, we cleanse them. As the specialists tell us, the long view brings new adjustments and fresh blood. When we bring the sense of the eternal into the commonplace we not only fulfil the eternal, we glorify the commonplace, we complete its sublimation and make a new discovery whose accompanying thrill adds zest and new strength for further effort.

A few years ago there was exhibited in English shop windows an exceedingly suggestive picture. The artist had written just this line beneath it: "*Now came still evening on.*" The scene was a thickly covered pine wood; the sun was setting, and through the wood was seen a rutty, difficult road, and in the road the solitary figure of an old woman. She had been out gathering sticks with which to keep the hearth fire going and was carrying the bundle home when she came to a place in the road where the light, shining through niches in the pine trees, fell upon the sticks. The light fell upon her burden, the symbol of her toil. The light of the Eternal falls upon our common burden when our vision is true. If we would but rise to this vision of reality, that gleam would light up with meaning and purpose the sticks we are gathering, the common business, the common toil, the drudgery of duty, the little cares, the sustaining services, the sticks which feed the home fire—all would take on new meaning. Only thus can we assure our hearts that every step is a climb and every going on is a going up.

A third feature of true vision is that it opens the future and keeps tomorrow plastic. Such vision takes the veto off our hopes. In the very streets where shift in strange democracy the million masks of God we feel the challenge to adventure, we vibrate to the nuances of our life's setting. We send our roots downward because we know that we shall bear fruit upward.

It is this belief in tomorrow which inspires us and enables us to feel the pulsing as of fontal life, inciting to the discipline of endless quest. It is in the presence of this free tomrrow that our inner antenna

reach out towards something strangely familiar as if some beautiful ideal were about to pass our way. Then we

> . . . "read glimmering gospels in the book
> Of April, deathless legends in the sun,
> Psalms that the golden season sings forever,
> Green litanies and strange visible prayers
> Writ and embroidered on the cloth of spring."

It is the open tomorrow that explains our yesterday, lifts it into new significance. You recall Sergeant's succession of the Prophets. The earlier figures are shrouded in gloom and stand in attitudes of distress. Gradually the faces lift and turn until they are lit up with a new light ahead. Towards the end of the series is Zechariah whose countenance is flooded with confidence and creative certitude. The great artist has caught the profound truth that in art as in life we look and feel forward and not backward when we truly live. For the sunbeams of an open tomorrow carry their own asepsis and wipe away the tears of memory. It is in the free play of such a vision that divine baby impulses get their chance to grow. Our regret is not for people who die but for "the people who die in people"—these lonely and lovely and fragile out-reachings of our best. The creative instinct of Christianity is that it removes the veto from hope by opening tomorrow with a clarity of faith.

And, now, what are we to do with this vision of ours which brings an elevated way of looking at life, a way which issues in self-reliance, reverence and freedom,—this vision which lifts up the commonplace with meaning and increases our endurance, this vision which opens the future and keeps tomorrow plastic? What are we to do with it? The only thing which will preserve its creative vitality is to communicate it. We must get it to others. We must witness for great values in a great way. We have to proclaim by word and deed, by loyalty and sacrifice, by inspiration and reward that the spiritual is the source of all progress. It means stressing the truth that ideals are the moving and reforming forces. Without these all the treasures of knowledge will be squandered, all the strivings of the soul will be as nothing, and all the glorious vistas that are opening to the modern age will remain void. Only thus can we meet with the vitality of hope and courage those pessimisms which sweep with cyclonic fury through our being.

The discordant times need not discourage us. The fragmentary and detached achievements which lie all about us, the clamor of surrounding groups are musical scales, composed in different keys and notations. It is given to us to orchestrate them into symphonies of feeling, thought and action, symphonies of love and heroism. This spiritual outreach of ours is like the white crested wave that throws itself on the shore and yet behind it is the whole ocean of eternal energy.

And thus we voice our vision. The voice is our voice, our individual voice, our united voices. Here is the challenge to our insight and valor. And if we fail, better the tragedy of the cross or the hemlock cup than the slow decay of the soul which has surrendered its title deeds. Without this heroic cry and witness all our rearrangements of things are but empty gestures. Without this stress on the divine at the heart of things we shall never extract the meaning and purpose of life any more than petals one by one give the secret of the rose.

Nor are we to work alone. We have our individual work and we have our associated work. One coal seldom succeeds in keeping itself hot. Associated with other coals it lives and serves.

At Easter the priest in charge descends to the supposed tomb of Jesus in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem. The people in the church stand with unlit candles in their hands. The sound of a little bell is the signal that the candle of the priest has been supernaturally lighted. When he emerges his assistant priests light their candles from his and pass on the light to the people standing near and soon the darkness is broken up by the lighted candles of all. So, some one must go into the dark and catch the divine light. But only as we associate our latent forces do we carry on the vision and thereby break up the dark and bring the new day out of the night. It is ours to take the fear out of every dark experience, "to render with new touch and tone the varied motifs of human life,—the jubilate of gladness and the threnody of woe; to hymn with new accent and condense the piety of the soul in lyrics of praise and litanies of prayer," to bring new arrestments of wonder and beauty to those for whom the world is dark with griefs, and whose treasure is hid under the seals of clay.

At a time when a new world is springing from the ashes of the old, young as the morning, and its eyes full of fresh hope, let us do the deed, dare the drudgery. Let us speak up intelligently in advance, not only to intellects that are rare, but to hearts that are everywhere. Our posts may be many, our tasks varied, but our spirit can be one. We can do our best. That is the glory of the true soldier, whether he is found among many comrades or alone, whether he is heartened by the music of the band or shivering in the cold, silent watches of the night, it is his glory to stand fast, to hold his ground. We too can hold the country for God and duty if everybody holds his vision and carries on.

> Red love still rules the day. White faith unfolds the night,
> And hope, green mantled, leads the way by the walls of the city of light.
> Therefore we walk as those who see the joy shine through
> Of the other life, behind our life, like the stars behind the blue.

> A poet cannot strive for despotism;
> His harp falls shattered; for it still must be
> The instincts of great spirits to be free,
> And the sworn foes of cunning barbarism:
> He who has deepest searched the wide abysm
> Of that life-giving Soul which men call fate,
> Knows that to put more faith in lies and hate
> Than truth and love is the true atheism:
> Upward the soul forever turns her eyes:
> The next hour always shames the hour before;
> One beauty, at its highest, prophesies
> That by whose side it shall seem mean and poor;
> No Godlike thing knows aught of less and less,
> But widens to the boundless Perfectness.

Sonnet. —*Lowell.*

CONTRIBUTED

The Major Prophets of the New Christianity

NO. I. ST. SIMON OF FRANCE.

St. Simon was born in Paris in 1760. His temperament and mental fearlessness remind one of Shelley. At the age of thirteen he broke with orthodoxy, and though sent to prison by his father to break him of his ideas, he refused to recant. His father died and he inherited a title and wealth and at once set sail for America to fight in the War for American Independence then being waged. His vessel, the "Ville de Paris," was captured by Admiral Rodney of England and St. Simon was nearly killed by a ball from the British cannon; lying unconscious he showed signs of life just as the sailors were about to pitch him into the sea. He fought through five campaigns on American soil and was present at the surrender of Cornwallis. He was made a Colonel for his bravery.

He returned to France to renounce both military and hereditary title and call himself "citizen." He anticipated Tolstoy in endeavoring to give himself to the aid of the common people. He attempted like Robert Owen to form an industrial community. The jealous Robespierre feared his growing popularity and sent him to prison. While in prison he studied history and social questions, and upon release went to Paris to study social conditions first hand. He went to the slums, talked with workmen, prostitutes, theives; exchanged views with D'Alembert and Rousseau and the intellectuals. He gave away and spent on the poor all his wealth. Former friends of his own social rank scoffed at him, but one who had been his valet befriended him to the extent of giving him a living that he might continue his writings.

In 1814 he wrote an essay on "The Reorganization of European Society," in which essay he advocated an international parliament, or league of European nations, to administer European affairs and put an end to war.

In 1825 he issued his last pamphlet, living on bread and water fifteen days, in order to secure the funds to publish it. It was entitled "The New Christianity," and was an appeal to abandon dogmatic beliefs as the content of Christianity, and formulate a social religion which should seek to *save society instead of the individual.* This religious appeal, though it drove from him Compte and other friends, gave the religious impulse to aims for social betterment, so that Lacordaire could say that "St. Simonism was the most important movement in religion since the Reformation." This appeal for a New Christianity was the initial appeal to make Christianity once more a religion with social aims as it was taught by Jesus, and later thinkers, in their attempts to rescue Christianity from a mere scheme to save individual souls, are much indebted to St. Simon.

St. Simon died in 1825, surrounded by a host of friends. His last words were: "The Party of the Laborers will be formed, the future belongs to us." His great intellectual powers were recognized by the intellectuals of the France of his day, and around his grave as the body was lowered stood Compte, Thierry, Lesseps, Chevalier, Barrault, Laurent, Fournel, Hippolyte Carnot and others later known to fame.

St. Simon came the nearest to Ben Franklin of any Frenchman. His practical mind advocated the usefulness of canals, and De Lesseps, his disciple, later dug the Suez Canal. He advocated Free Trade, and Sir Robert Peel borrowed his ideas. He pleaded for a study of history along the lines that made Buckle famous. He advocated suffrage for women, public nurseries and hospitals for the people, and the social organization of industry. In a hundred ways the modern world has justified his wisdom, and in no department of human activity do we see that wisdom more clearly than in his plea for a Social Christianity. St. Simon is the pioneer prophet of that reconstruction of Christianity which is to be the greatest movement in religion since the Benedictine and Franciscan movements of long ago. And here in America we should be first to honor the memory of the man who fought by the side of Lafayette and Washington, and who furnished ideas for our best religious leaders.

ROLAND D. SAWYER.

SELECTED

On Buying Old Books

I often buy old books . . . only a few days ago I bought "Swift's Works" in twenty-four old volumes . . . but I have never yielded to the queer delusion that an old book is better than a new book because it is old. I am not insensitive to the pleasure of handling a volume that has been owned by several generations of men and women, and I like to think that my copy of "The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides" was touched by Boswell himself, or at least by my distinguished countryman Edmund Malone; but I am not so foolish, I hope, as to prefer a worn and clumsily-printed book, published in 1774, to a new and well-printed book, published in 1912. (I have purposely chosen a recent date anterior to the war, because the paper on which some books published since 1914 have been printed is not fit to serve as wrapping paper to fried fish.) The important thing about a book is, not its binding, but its contents, and while I am distressed by an ill-printed book, I prefer that it should be ill-printed rather than ill-written. When I can obtain a well-written book in good print on fine paper and in handsome covers, then I am content, even if it were only published yesterday, and I would not exchange such a book for one which has no other merits than that it was published two hundred years ago.

But I know men who regard themselves with pride because they have collections of ancient books. Such a one was pointed out to me lately by a bookseller in the Charing Cross Road . . . and there was an amount of awe in the bookseller's tone as he spoke of this gentleman which seemed to me to be more appropriate to a celestial body rather than to a human being. The gentleman collected old plays, and after he had been introduced to me he told me with quiet pride of his first editions of Ben Jonson. I mentioned that I also wrote plays, but the gentleman had never heard of me, nor did he take the slightest interest in my suggestion that it would be worth his while to

acquire a first edition of one of my works because—who knows?—I might some day be a meritable person. This indifference to me galled me less when I discovered that his interest in Ben Jonson was confined to pride in possessing first editions of his works. He had read the plays, but he had no familiarity with them. Ben Jonson himself was merely the name of a man who wrote the plays contained in the valuable books which he possessed. I came out of his presence feeling that he looked upon his first editions as property. He had sunk his capital in them, just as another man sinks his capital in railways or copper mines. When he bought them his mind was fixed less on the pleasure of reading and becoming familiar with the plays than on the prospect of providing for a rainy day. "You can always sell them," he said, and I gathered that book property was more valuable and gave less trouble than house property.

He reminded me of another book-collector with whom I was acquainted, a man who possessed a great number of handsome volumes of great value. He had read very few of the books he possessed. When he took me to see them he led me into a secret place where they were stored, and there I saw them, each volume carefully wrapped in several sheets of paper and securely fastened with string. No one in his house had read any of these books . . . indeed, the books, in most cases, were never seen by the members of his family. They were things into which father put his money. The family had no more desire to see them than they had to see his dividend warrants or his share certificates.

Now, I do not object to any man putting his money into books, if that form of investment seems to him to be a profitable one. Indeed, I would like to encourage those who live on interest to make such investments, for in that way they are less likely to exploit their fellows than they otherwise are. But I do object to such an investor claiming for himself not merely the credit of being a sharp man of business, but also the credit of being a lover of letters. The proof that a man loves letters is not that he buys old books and hoards them in cupboards in the hope that some day they will fetch high prices, but that he buys books, new and old, for the pleasure of reading them. There are men, frequent purchasers of old books, who never have been known to buy a new book, and they consider that this indifference to the literature that is being made in their time entitles them to praise. Their taste, they say, is finer than that of the man who runs after the bubble reputations of these times. You can have your Bernard Shaw, they say, if we may have our Shakespeare. You can have your H. G. Wells, your Joseph Conrad, your John Galsworthy, and your Arnold Bennett if we may have our Fielding and our Smollett and our Dickens and our Anthony Trollope. There is no harm in such people . . . there is not altogether foolishness in them . . . but there is unmistakably and undeniably cowardice; for such persons are not willing to risk their judgment on current literature, and will only venture to offer an accepted and general opinion on men of established repute. For my part, I feel certain that had the man who runs down Bernard Shaw and exalts Shakespeare been a contemporary of Shakespeare, he would have been heard daily exclaiming, "Yes, this sort of stuff is all very well in its way . . . it's clever and all that . . . but give me the good old morality plays!"

The prime charge which I prefer against collectors of old books is that they have never in their lives contributed one halfpenny to the support of an author. They have helped to maintain, even to enrich, booksellers, but they have never given any support to book-writers. What profit of any sort does Ben Jonson derive from the gentleman who collects his first editions? In what way did the man who hid his books in a cupboard help the writers whose books he treasures so carefully to pay their rent and butchers' bills? I have myself been offered five shillings by a book-collector for a first edition of Mr. George Moore's fine novel "The Lake," which I purchased for ninepence in a shop where remainders are sold. If that man had really cared for books would he not have spent four shillings and sixpence on purchasing "The Lake" when it first appeared, and in this way have benefited the author, who, had I accepted the five shillings, would not have been a penny the better off for the sale, although I should have gained four shillings and threepence?

I have often heard dull men say that when they hear of a new book they buy an old one. Imagine my horror when, reading an essay by Mr. Birrell, the most amiable and erudite of living essayists, I found that he proclaimed himself of this tribe; the tribe which sponges on the reputation of dead men and lets a living writer go starve for all they care. There was a sign of ill-temper in Mr. Birrell's essay, a sign that I have never seen in any other piece of writing by him . . . and I have read most of his work . . . and I judged that when he wrote it he had come fresh from an encounter with some bumptious modern who would have us scrap every book of an earlier date than his own compositions. Hastily taking refuge in that belief, I pardoned Mr. Birrell and kept my faith in his fine judgment. But there are men, most of whom are schoolmasters, who profess contempt for the whole body of modern writing, and would have us believe that when they hear of a new book they buy an old one. It is untrue, of course, or, when it is true, their relationship with the book ends with their purchase of it, for I have never known any of these people to have familiarity with old books; they may buy them, but they do not read them. Dr. Johnson and his circle, Boswell, Edmund Burke, David Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the others, had an acquaintance with current literature that was extended even to books of sermons; and no one will deny that they had an intimate knowledge of the ancients.

In our time men of distinction in letters have a very wide acquaintance with contemporary writing. They read omnivorously, not only among the established books, but among the books which are fighting for their existence. It happens, indeed, that they read many books which have little value, but it happens also that they are able to hold out a hand in friendship to a man of unrecognized merit—and the value of such a handshake at the beginning of a writer's career is worth all the guineas that may hereafter be paid at Christie's for his battered first editions.

—*St. John Ervine.*

From the "Manchester Guardian."

THE STUDY TABLE

"The Old Freedom"

The principal thesis of this book is the very simple and obvious one, that there are three factors in the production of wealth; namely, labor, capital, and natural resources. As long as one of these three factors is under monopoly-control, so long will any permanent adjustment and correlation between the other two be found impossible. There is no more natural opposition or disharmony between labor and capital than there is between a man's right and left hand. It is only when natural-resource-monopoly comes in that the relations between them becomes dislocated. Capital cannot possibly oppress labor—indeed, no form or manner of economic exploitation can be exercised by one class upon another—until some kind of expropriation from natural resources has taken place, and monopoly-control has been to some considerable degree substituted for communal ownership.

This is old doctrine. It was the basic principle of the social philosophy of Turgot, Mirabeau, Quesnay and Dupont, a hundred and fifty years ago, and of a long line of economists including Gumplowicz, Franz Oppenheimer, Herbert Spencer, Henry George, Thomas Jefferson and Theodore Hertzka. Karl Marx saw it and gave it explicit recognition, though, curiously, he seemed unaware of its bearing upon the social theory he constructed; and, generally speaking, his disciples seem to have done no better. The special value of Mr. Neilson's book is that it establishes this principle in the economic history of England; a field that lies nearest to us in point of interest as being a parent civilization, but one that we have wholly neglected to investigate.

The author's object in writing this book seems to have been to forestall a repetition in this country of the economic errors and calamities that England has suffered. He shows clearly that under the old system of communal land-ownership which prevailed up to the Conquest, economic exploitation did not and could not exist; and that it never did exist there until the people were expropriated from the land by the Enclosures Acts. He shows, too, the most important fact that to hold the factory-system responsible (as Matthew Arnold and others have done) for the creation of a miserable and exploited industrial population, is to make a *post hoc ergo propter hoc* which is wholly unwarranted. When the factory-system came in, on the contrary, it found these immense masses of expropriated people ready to its hand, already reduced to the last extremity of wretchedness by being driven off the land. Students of recent Mexican history will perceive at once the parallel between Mr. Neilson's panorama of English industrial history and the conditions that have prevailed in Mexico since the expropriation that took place under Diaz.

The laboring and exploited classes in England gradually organized, became educated and finally became powerful; and every effort that they made to better their condition was met with a palliative, and every palliative proved ineffectual. Mr. Neilson points out that every compromise-measure that could be devised by human ingenuity has been tried there. Trade unionism, in short, the kind of thing that Mr. Gompers promotes, has been tried out to the limit; and the position of the country today, presenting as it does every aspect of a state of revolutionary siege, is the most impressive testimony to its ineptitude. England never went to the root of the matter. She never screwed up her courage to the point of liberating natural resources from monopoly-control, and permitting the land to compete freely with industry for labor. The United States seems bent on going through the same futile cycle of palliative compromise-measures, and ending in the same general disaster; and it was evidently by way of doing something to avert this that Mr. Neilson wrote his book.

"The Old Freedom" is a splendid touchstone for the sincerity of several classes of men in this country. Politicians and officeholders, of course, do not count; but we should greatly like to know what the leaders of labor, the representative employers, and the advocates of progressive socialization of industry think of this book. It will greatly simplify their thinking and clarify their understanding of the problem before them, if only they sincerely and disinterestedly want their problem solved. If they want to temporize and compromise, on the other hand, they will find nothing but discouragement in the book and had best let it alone; for it holds up before them, as in a mirror, the utter failure of every such attempt in England, where the trial has been much more thorough and detailed than they could hope for in this country in a quarter of a century to come. If the people of the United States have not learned to distinguish between property and privilege, it is the fault, as it was in England, of their leaders and educators who were not willing to give up their hold on privilege for the sake of keeping their property. They wanted to keep their grasp on both, and were willing to abet this inveterate confusion of thought for the sake of holding on as long as they could. Now, the upshot is that they are quite likely to lose their property as well as their privilege, and are lucky if they do not lose their skins. Mr. Neilson comes in this emergency, showing clearly what property is, as distinguished from privilege,—showing that natural resources are not property and that no scheme of social justice can possibly contemplate them as property,—and that the relinquishment of privilege is the absolute and indispensable preliminary to the permanent establishment of the right of property. At present, the right of property is being aggressively challenged; it is a condition and not a theory that confronts every person who has any practical interest in this right. A study of Mr. Neilson's book is therefore really an emergency measure. He is strongly on the side of property and shows how to meet the challenge, whether from the upholders of privilege or from socialists who would sap and mine the right of property with schemes of bureaucratic control; or, again, from the left wing of labor, with its vaguely defined plans for a dominant industrial class and a "dictatorship of the proletariat." The reception which Mr. Neilson's book gets from what may be loosely called our "representative men" will not only be an index to their sincerity but also will show conclusively whether or not they know who their real friends are.

* The Old Freedom. By Francis Neilson. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1 net.

Recent Books About Russia

There seems to be one sort of remark which everyone makes in every discussion of Russia, and that is that after all we can really know nothing about conditions there. But this attitude seems groundless if one is at all familiar with the really remarkable body of accurate and painstaking literature about Russia which has appeared since the Kerensky revolution or is about to come from the presses this fall.

Those of UNITY's readers who used to follow the course of the suffrage movement will recall the period when the literature about suffrage consisted chiefly in reports of conditions in the states and countries which had already granted women the vote. And this information was readily classifiable into four groups according to the point of view of those who wrote it. There were (1) reports from the suffrage leaders in the particular state or country. Then (2) other suffrage leaders would go into the state and bring back reports of what they found. After a time (3) leading newspapers and magazines would send reporters, most of whom were not in any way connected with the suffrage movement but who were trained to report what they saw. Then (4) other well known men and women, often anti-suffragists or at least persons not at all interested in the fight for the ballot, would be passing through those states and would write articles or books upon what they found there, sometimes opposing, often favoring the results.

The numerous books now available about the great revolution in Russia group themselves into precisely these same divisions as regards the personnel of the authors. There are three books by Trotzky and one by Trotzky and Lenin, besides numerous pamphlets. The two earlier of these (see list below) are chiefly concerned with the author's general theories of government and his position in the Revolution of 1905, but the latter two give details of events in Russia down to a very recent date.

Then there are at least six books by well known American Socialists who, after spending a considerable portion of their time in Russia, have written most interestingly and in detail of what they saw there. The books of Miss Bryant and Mr. Reed photograph the events and the leaders, and Mr. Reed's first book contains in both text and appendix many invaluable documents, while Mr. Poole's two books, particularly "The Village," already reviewed in UNITY, give intimate studies of that unique and potent personality, the Russian peasant. Rabbi Magnes' book offers documentary evidence concerning the inside facts of the Brest-Litovsk treaty.

If one were to follow the analogy of one's attitude toward the reports about suffrage, one would really consider the above groups of books conclusive, but on this subject people seem inclined to reverse the rule that those who are really working in a given situation or whose life-long ideas and study are along the lines of that situation, are likely to understand it best and to report it most accurately. And so it is fortunate for the skeptic and those who have confined their reading to the first pages of the newspaper that the bulk of the literature about Russia is not by leaders of the Revolution or by people friendly to Socialism, but by entirely neutral press men and women, and by well known publicists, bankers, lawyers and others naturally indifferent or hostile to the theory in the abstract. Their reports, some of which have appeared on the back pages of the very papers whose front pages bore screaming contradictions of their statements, are sufficient in quantity and in internal evidence of veracity to supply the public with all the necessary information about the Soviet Government of Russia.

Of the reports by non-socialist newspaper writers, the book already reviewed at length, by Mr. Neilson in UNITY, "Russia in 1919," by Arthur Ransome, is undoubtedly the best antidote for an overdose of first page headlines. Mr. Levine, the Foreign News Editor of the *New York Times,* has given a careful study of conditions through the Kerensky period, but his book is not recent enough to cover developments since that time. Miss Beatty's book is said by Mr. Ransome to be the best impressionistic picture of the present revolution yet written.

Finally, there is the largest group of all, those books written by well known men, most of them ardent anti-socialists, most of them opposed to any extension of Bolshevism anywhere in the world, but all of them with sufficient regard for truth to report accurately what they found in Russia, and sufficient regard for public opinion and for decency and honor to feel that the public has a right to know exactly how things are in Russia; men also, it must be said, of sufficient sensitiveness to human values and sufficient love for human freedom to have been touched by the tremendous human developments in Russia and the awful suffering and sacrifice forced upon the Russian people, not so much by the necessities of revolution, as by the cruelties of the war under the Czar, and of the war waged against them this very moment by the Allied governments.

Mr. Bullitt's work is perhaps the most valuable because it is heavily documented, and contains beside his own report of conditions as found during his special mission to Russia at the direction of President Wilson, reports also by Lincoln Steffens and others who were with him. It also shows the action of the Conference in ignoring these reports after they were submitted, due, as Mr. Bullitt believes, to the fact that during the period between his being sent into Russia and his return, Kolchak had made a hundred mile advance in his fight against the Soviets. Mr. Bullitt's report is now obtainable from the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, before whom it was made, but the fine type used in such reports makes it difficult reading. In book form, as it will appear under the imprint of Huebsch as soon as the printers' strike allows forthcoming books to be completed, it will prove both interesting and illuminating.

Colonel Raymond Robins' story, as edited by William Hard and printed in the *Chicago Daily News,* needs no special comment. It is indeed fortunate that Harper is to put this into permanent book form. Comment is also superfluous as to the careful, critical analysis which the trained, sociological mind of Professor Ross of the University of Wisconsin has brought to bear upon the conditions he found in Russia. His chapters on the condition of women, of labor and capital, and the closing one entitled "Prospects and Lessons," are particularly valuable.

A translation from the French, soon to be issued by Knopf, is by Antonelli, an anti-Bolshevist, who yet is able to report events accurately and in an unbiased manner. Mr. Sayler's book on the theater, while treat-

ing only one phase of Russian life since the Revolution, gives one a refreshing sense of normal life going on in an orderly way, quite different from the hectic turmoil portrayed by the press.

Added to this cloud of witnesses about the Soviet Government are several men of importance because of their viewpoints and sincerity of attitude, whose work is not in book form. To begin at one extreme, there are the interviews with Colonel William B. Thompson, a wealthy New York banker, associated with Raymond Robins in Red Cross work in Russia, whom no one would expect to be friendly to the Soviet system but who has proved that even a millionaire can be just. And there are at least three able young Y. M. C. A. workers whose observations have been given on platform and in pamphlets, Jerome Davis, Wilfred Humphries and Arthur Rhys Williams. Then there are the remarkable reports of Frazer Hunt which appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* together with interviews with him to which the *New York Times* gave much space. And the *Times* also gave publicity to the disgusted attacks on the Soviets of the young anarchist reporter, Robert Minor, who went to Russia expecting to find a perfect state of anarchy and who came back greatly troubled by the amount of law and order he found there and the industrial activity going on under the careful control of the Soviet government.

To become *en rapport* with the atmosphere of the revolutionary movement in Russia as it has developed slowly and painfully through many decades, one should read at least two books, "The Soul of the Russian Revolution," by M. J. Olgin, one of the leaders of the 1905 movement, and Miss Blackwell's careful editing of the "Life of Catherine Breshkovsky." That the "Little Grandmother" has in her advanced years been unable to understand the ideals and methods of the younger men and women who have directed the revolutionary movement during her long exile, in no way detracts from her immense contribution in the years that are gone to this very movement whose fruitage she seems unable to enjoy and to participate in.

No fair-minded person can read these books, or even three or four of the most impartial and unbiased of them, such as those by Mr. Bullitt, Mr. Ransome and Col. Robins, without becoming aware of the unprecedented system of lies foisted upon the people of the world by the daily press and often by government agents whose duty it surely was to give the people the truth. One will also probably emerge from such a study agreeing with the almost unanimous verdict of these very different types of students of Russia that there is no reason why "self-determination" should not apply also to Russia, and that however much one may oppose Bolshevism for one's own country, the Russian people, nevertheless, have a right to the Soviet form of government if they desire it; that it is their right to prove whether they desire it, without the intervention of foreign navies and armies and munitions, and that starvation of men, women and children by means of a blockade, particularly of a country with which war has not been declared, is a form of atrocity of which upholders of American democracy should be heartily ashamed, and which it is the duty of American citizens to put an end to forthwith.

I. *BOOKS BY RUSSIAN LEADERS.*

Trotzky: Our Revolution. Holt & Co. 1917. (With biography by M. J. Olgin.)

Trotzky: Bolsheviki and World Peace. Boni & Liveright. 1918. Introduction by Lincoln Steffens.

Trotzky: From October to Brest-Litovsk. Socialist Pub. Society, New York.

Lenin and Trotzky: The Proletarian Revolution in Russia. Edited by John Fraina. Revolutionary Age Pub. Co., Boston.

II. *BOOKS BY AMERICAN SOCIALISTS.*

Louise Bryant: Six Red Months in Russia. Doran & Co. 1918.

John Reed: Ten Days that Shook the World. Boni & Liveright. 1919.

*The Sweep of the Russian Revolution. Boni & Liveright. Ready soon.

Ernest Poole: The Dark People. Macmillan. 1918.

Ernest Poole: The Village. Macmillan. 1919.

Rabbi Judah Magnes: Russia and Germany at Brest-Litovsk. Rand School, New York.

III. *BOOKS BY NEWSPAPER REPORTERS.*

Arthur Ransome: Russia in 1919. Huebsch.

Bessie Beatty: The Red Heart of Russia. The Century Company. 1918.

Isaac Don Levine: The Russian Revolution. Harper & Co. 1917.

IV. *BOOKS BY PUBLICISTS, RED CROSS WORKERS AND OTHERS.*

William Bullitt: The Bullitt Mission to Russia. Heubsch. Ready soon.

Col. Raymond Robins: Col. Robins' Story. Edited by William Hard. Harper & Co. Ready soon.

Arthur Ransome, Arthur Rhys Williams, Col. Robins: Lenin: The Man and His Work. Scott & Selzer, New York. Ready soon.

Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross: Russia in Upheaval. Century Co. 1918.

Oliver H. Sayler: The Russian Theater Under the Revolution. Little, Brown & Co.

Antonelli: Bolshevik Russia. Knopf. Translation from the French. Ready soon.

V. *BOOKS FURNISHING BACKGROUND FOR STUDY.*

The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution. Little, Brown & Co. Edited by Alice Stone Blackwell. 1918.

M. J. Olgin: The Soul of the Russian Revolution. Holt & Co. 1917.

SUSAN QUACKENBUSH.

TO A FOIL'D EUROPEAN REVOLUTIONAIRE.

Courage yet, my brother or my sister!
Keep on—Liberty is to be subserv'd, whatever occurs;
That is nothing that is quelled by one or two failures, or any number of failures,
Or by the indifference or ingratitude of the people, or by any unfaithfulness,
Or the show of the tushes of power, soldiers, cannon, penal statutes.

What we believe in waits latent forever through all the continents,
Invites no one, promises nothing, sits in calmness and light, is positive and composed, knows no discouragement,
Waiting patiently, waiting its time.

—*Walt Whitman.*

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* Thanks are due to Mr. C. H. Hoskins of the Book House, Stevens Building, Chicago, for information as to forthcoming publications.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE CALL TO A NATIONAL CONFERENCE of AMERICAN MEN AND WOMEN

By the Committee of 48

A Call to Action

You are invited to join liberal and independent voters from the forty-eight states in a Conference to be held in St. Louis, December 9, 10, 11 and 12, 1919, for the following purposes:

1. To determine and specifically set forth the fundamental principles for dealing with the political, social, economic facts and problems which affect the lives and liberties of Americans today, and the future of civilization;

2. To adopt a definite method of political action for giving these principles immediate force in the government of the United States and in the international relations of the republic.

You are invited to this Conference in the belief that you share with us the profound conviction that the time for action has come. The fact and the spirit of our ancient liberty must be restored, must be fitted to the realities of our modern life.

The Facts

The dominating groups of the two principal political organizations do not desire, and do not even understand, that free citizens should determine their own political and economic life. They have so long weighed the word above the fact that facts for them have no meaning. They have turned over the actual government of the land to reactionary and predatory interests and contented themselves with the honors and emoluments of office as the servants of these interests.

They have made public confession that between them lies no question of political debate save the one of deciding which group shall enjoy the possession of public office.

They have lost contact with the needs and desires of the people that they might maintain contact with the needs and desires of the rapacious interests.

They have levied huge loans and raised great sums by heavy taxation, necessitating a careful economy on the part of citizens, while government itself disburses the money thus obtained with callous extravagance.

They have, by the inevitable inflation which resulted from these methods and by their failure even to attempt the wise stimulation and regulation of production and distribution in this critical period, permitted the cost of living to reach a point where the mass of the people are reduced to silent desperation and the interests are glutted with exorbitant profits.

They have connived at the wrecking and looting of the transportation systems of the country and now jointly determine to return the railroads, rebuilt at the public charges, to those very interests who so demoralized them that their condition menaced the safety of the republic in a time of national peril.

They have challenged our right to free speech and free assembly, and ignored our right to a decent living for a day's work. They have met the nation-wide demand for constructive thought and deed with vague rhetoric and the aimless repetition of dusty political phrases that have no meaning in a world of facts.

In the face of these grave problems they have shown that they are without the vision of statesmanship, the courage of leadership, or the conviction of patriotism.

These are the facts.

The Remedy

This is the situation. The present and the future are in the hands of two political parties who have no differences excepting in name and no aim excepting plunder. They are revealed to themselves and to the people as a single group moved only by their common purpose of making government a profitable business for themselves and for the interests who finance their periodical sham battles.

Our government will remain irresponsive and irresponsible to the people so long as it is controlled by men who are responsive and reponsible to the enemies of the people. We who have the liberty and well-being of our country at heart, the intelligent and liberal citizens of the republic, are a majority. We can control our government. We can meet this crisis and solve its problems. *But we must unite.* Only by concerted action can we accomplish political results. The strength of the interests who rule the existing parties has been that we have been scattered and divided. We have followed a seemingly sincere leader of one party in one section of the country and embraced a local issue of the opposite party in another section, only to discover again and again that we had done nothing to shake the real control of either party.

This call for a Conference is our answer.

It is a time of grave peril and of great hope. Brave and wise things must be quickly done. It is a day that we hold in solemn trust, the trust of posterity, as our forefathers more than a century ago held our present in trust. The wheel has swung full-circle and it has come to our generation to preserve for today and tomorrow the liberty that was won for us yesterday. We must restore full liberty of speech and action and spirit and strike off the shackles from the minds and muscles of men and women so that all who toil with hand or brain shall be henceforth free to work and live as freemen.

This can be done. The American people can do it. Will you help?

Committee of Forty-Eight.

THE OPEN FORUM IDEA CAPTURES CHAUTAUQUA.

Not in a long time has anything more vital come to Chautauqua than the idea of the Open Forum as a working force in the community, an idea brought to this great Institution during the last two weeks of August by the Open Forum National Council through its first and very successful Summer School of Open Forum Methods. For two sessions each day, during which the technique of the Forum was closely studied and for three nights a week in the big, out-door Amphitheatre, the Open Forum was the all-absorbing topic of conversation at Chautauqua. Not only did it capture the imagination of the keenly intelligent people visiting this wonderful resort in northern New York, but it also appealed to the practical side of the many ministers there who were quick to see in it a means of deepening the spiritual life of their church through the quickening power which the Forum always exerts on the community, of which the church is a part.

Influential men and women from cities as far apart as Montreal and New Orleans attended the sessions of the school, took copious notes of all that was said, and asked keenly intelligent questions of the Open Forum leaders, both before, after and during the lectures of the day. Thus Publicity Methods in the Forum, how to build Forum Programs, how to fiance Forums, why Forums are necessary, and much about new types of Forums, have, through the Chautauqua, been carried, already, by stragetic persons to cities and towns all over the United States in which the forum idea had not previously taken root.

Two interesting new types of Forums were tried out here and found to be not only feasible but distinctly inspiring. The first of these was the Motion Picture Forum, which was given an impressive setting in the big open-air auditorium on two occasions, and aroused tremendous interest. By means of a film, which deals with some aspect of the Social Problem, the Forum idea can now be carried to back-water districts off the main line of travel, where it would be practically impossible to get Forum Speakers for some time yet; and an intelligently conducted question period concerning the lesson or lessons of the film with a leading clergyman or some social minded citizen of the community in the chair, stimulate social thinking and social action in an immensely valuable way.

The Motion Picture Film is also big with promise as a means of stirring great crowds of people who attend the movies in our large cities to thought and eventual action against the social abuses of our time.

Akin to this, is the new Drama Forum, by means of which a reader can supply a stimulating evening's entertainment, and at the same time make that entertainment constructive and of great value. Professor S. H. Clark, of Chicago University, launched this type of Forum at Chautauqua with a reading of Galsworthy's play, "Strife," an extraordinarily prophetic grappling with the labor problems just now pressing so hard on us all, a play which is unique also, in the number of questions which it arouses.

The meetings were all presided over by George W. Coleman, president of the Open Forum National Council, and were made possible through the courteous cooperation of Arthur E. Bestor, president of the Chautauqua Institution. There seems every prospect that another year will see the Forum as a regular feature of the Chautauqua Program, and that a Summer School of Open Forum Methods may become one of the regular Chautauqua Summer Schools.

J. H. H.

A LONDON OPINION

Spoken March 23, 1919

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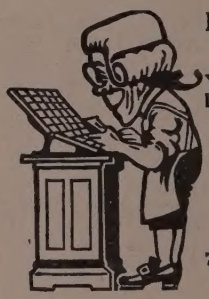

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